

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00. One Square, one inch, one month, \$10.00. One Square, one inch, three months, \$25.00. One Square, one inch, one year, \$80.00. Two Squares, one year, \$120.00. Quarter Column, one year, \$40.00. Half Column, one year, \$60.00. One Column, one year, \$100.00. Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in addition. Notices and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

The latest theory regarding the origin of natural gas is not that the gas is a product of petroleum deposits, but just the reverse, namely, that the petroleum supply is a product of residuum of the natural gas.

The Suez Canal cost less than \$100,000,000. Two hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars have been expended upon the Panama Canal, and the prospect is that the project will have to be abandoned.

Many persons do not know that Jefferson Davis is blind of an eye; and more do not know how he was thus afflicted. When he was about fourteen years old he and his cousin, Joseph L. Davis, were shooting with crossbows at a mark on a stump. One of the bolts fired by Jefferson flew back and struck squarely in the eye, putting it completely out.

An official report to the British Government states that the yearly cotton crop of Japan is about 131,000,000 pounds. The manufacture of the staple is of the most primitive description. It is almost entirely a domestic industry, gin, spindle and loom being found in the house of the farmer on whose land the plant is grown, the female members of the house doing the spinning and weaving.

A lately dead woman of Racine, Wis., must have been a very popular person. After her death recently, the bereaved widower invited all who had been kind to her in her last illness to attend a little banquet in her honor, and it is estimated that 3,000 persons congregated to take an active part in the feast. The guests celebrated with such enthusiasm that the town became a very bright red before morning.

The Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise says that "about three thousand head of sheep are now finding abundant pasturage in the vicinity of this city, where twenty years ago a whippoorwill could not fly over the country without carrying a sack of provisions. Gradually the summer season here has changed. We now have considerable showers and grass where but two decades ago all was drought and barrenness."

Occidental statisticians have long been accustomed for some reason to regard with doubt the periodical reports concerning the population of China, but inasmuch as the Chinese law requires every household to hang at his front door a list of the inmates of his house, it seems as though it ought to be easy to make an accurate census. By one which the officials of the Empire have recently afforded, the population is 450,000,000.

Dainty wreaths of flowers, the work of hands that lost their cunning 3,000 years ago, have lately been found in a subterranean gallery near Thebes, where, with the royal mummies they adorned, they had remained undisturbed during half the whole period of historic time. They partially retained their fragrance, and even their color had not entirely disappeared. They must have been a costly luxury in the country described by the prophet Zachariah as a region where there is no rain.

The relative increase in population in Canada is much less than in the United States. Indeed, it could not be otherwise while so many of those immigrants who seek Canada as a place of settlement move from that country to the United States every year. It is a fact that the number who leave Canada to settle in the United States exceeds the number of those who, emigrating from other countries, settle in Canada. "The United States," says the *Culturist*, "offers better facilities for the improvement of the condition of the intelligent and industrious immigrant than Canada affords."

The Farmers' Alliance of Texas, with a membership of 250,000, and perhaps an available capital of not less than \$50,000,000, have formed the project of establishing extensive manufacturing at Marble Falls, having purchased the water power there, and it is now understood are preparing plans and making arrangements to utilize their purchase. Their movement in this enterprise, the *Galveston News* thinks, deserves success, and is a commentary upon the want of enterprise of the merchant class, the capital class, and all classes that usually claim a monopoly of foresight, enterprise, energy, and activity.

Americans are not much given to suicide. The average American appears to prefer working himself to death or dying of dyspepsia. Only Spain, Russia and Scotland show fewer cases of self destruction than the United States. The number of suicides each year per 1,000 inhabitants has been computed with tolerable accuracy, as follows:

Spain.....14
Russia.....25
United States.....23
Italy.....37
England.....51
Belgium.....56
Scandinavia.....86
Australia.....93
Germany.....146
France.....152
Switzerland.....198
Denmark.....300

THE HEART.

The heart hath chambers twain
Wherein do dwell
Twin brothers, Joy and Pain.
When wakeneth Joy in one,
Still calmly
Pain slumbers in his own.
Oh Joy, thy bliss restrain,
Speak softly,
Lest thou should'st waken Pain.
—From the German.

MOSE STUBBS'S BOY.

BY EMILIE TOLMAN.

"General! O-o-o General!"
A stout negro woman, after uttering this cry several times, turned slowly back to her cabin, muttering to herself, "What's dat good-fur-nuffin' chap at now?"
Just then a bundle of rags, with a pair of black feet at one end, and a woolly head, surrounded by the fragments of a straw hat, at the other, came slowly up the yard.

"Here I is, ma," drawled the lad.
An' lucky far yer, too," answered the woman, with an air that hinted at direful consequences in case he had failed to appear at that exact minute. "Now, General, I want yer to tote dis yer basket ob clo'es ober to de P'int, to Miss Benson's; an' don't yer be long 'bout it, nuther."

General placed the basket on his head, and with his hands in his pockets, walked composedly down the alley.
General was born soon after his parents were pronounced "contraband of war" by General Butler; and, out of gratitude for his protection, they named their son General Butler Stubbs, and General he was always called. His father, Moses Stubbs, managed by oystering and doing odd jobs that fell in his way to keep his large family from starving, but could do little more than that.

The cabin which they call I home was a little, one-story shanty, leaning disconsolately against a mud chimney which looked scarcely able to support itself, not to mention holding up the house besides. It consisted of one room, and that not large; but it managed to contain at night Moses Stubbs, his wife, and seven children, of whom General, now a lad of thirteen, was the eldest. It was a tight fit, but it would hardly accommodate so many people awake and moving about.

If it ever chanced that they were all at home during the day some of them would sit out in the yard. One of those numerous inlets from the sea which intersect the eastern part of Virginia came up close to their back door. This was, on some accounts, a great convenience, for at low tide they could get out of the mud many a good meal of clams and oysters.
General had once been to school a few weeks, and had learned to read easy words in large print, an accomplishment of which his mother was very proud; but now he was not allowed to continue the pursuit of learning. He still kept in a clink between the boards of the cabin, with a broken knife-blade and a piece of coal under his arm, and a few leaves of a book which he had a vague idea would some day prove the "open sesame" of knowledge and riches.

The young lady for whom Mrs. Stubbs washed smiled kindly at the queer, tattered figure, as she took the basket of clothes.
"Whar is your name?" she inquired.
"General Butler Stubbs."
"Whar are you going to do to earn such a name, General?"
"Don't know, Miss," said General, with a puzzled expression, for he had no idea his name was more peculiar than Tom or Dick.

"The business of a general is to fight and conquer the enemy," continued the lady. "Whar enemy are you going to conquer?"
"De lone fit de wah, Miss. Ma she heard de guns whin dey fit at Big Bethel."

"But, General, there are other battles to be fought. Perhaps you are the one who is going to fight against sin an' ignorance."

to move about; but neither was there at home with five in a bed. He felt rather lonely, and would willingly have exchanged the sound of the surf for the sociable snoring to which he was accustomed; but none of these considerations kept him awake long.
It was nearly midnight when he was startled out of a sound sleep by a strange noise close to his head, as if someone were pounding on the gun. His heart beat furiously, and he turned cold with fear. The sound ceased after a time, and he heard footsteps on the sand.

General, like most of his race was a firm believer in ghosts, and as he peered cautiously forth from the mouth of the gun, he more than half expected to behold some unearthly visitant. He was not a little relieved, therefore, to see an object looking very much like a mortal man walking along the shore. When the man turned toward the gun again, General drew back his head torse-like and slid down into the cavernous depths. He heard the foot steps coming nearer and nearer. Now the two men disengaged on some point. At last he was sure of one of them said: "Well, we'll try 'other house. There's quite a parcel of people there, and likely we'll get something for our trouble."

"Are you sure there aint no dog?" asked the other.
"Yes, dead sure," was the reply. Then the men walked away, and General was left alone once more. As soon as he dared move, he put out his head, and looked up and down the beach.

All was quiet. The neighboring beacon made a broad, shining pathway on the water; the lights on the ships in the harbor glimmered faintly.
General tried to compose himself for another nap, but he could not help thinking about what he had heard. He believed that the men were planning to break into some house, but where and when he knew not. "Taint safe; dar's allus a gyarnud on 't," he repeated. "Dat might mean de hotel. 'Tother place—quite a parcel ob people—no dog."

General suddenly scrambled out of the gun upon the sand. It had occurred to him that "other place" must mean Miss Benson's, where the pretty lady lived whose words had so impressed him a few days before.
"Dar's a guard on dar, too, tonight," he said, as he started off down the beach. "Reckon dey didn't think a gun had ears."

The street was deserted, and all was perfectly still as General crept noiselessly along on his bare feet past the hotel toward Miss Benson's.
It was a long, low building, lying near the shore, and not far from the main road. At first he thought he would ring the bell and give warning; but when he reached the door he changed his mind. This might not, after all, be the house the men were talking about; and, even if it were, who would believe his story?

No, he must watch and wait for further developments. He withdrew, and sat down on the ground behind some shrubbery. As time passed on and nothing happened to break the monotony of his vigil, his excitement subsided, and he began to feel sleepy.
General was just thinking it was all foolishness on his part, and that he might as well lie down under the shrubbery and take a nap, when a dark form glided through the yard, and disappeared round the corner of the house. It looked like a man with a pack on his back.
General crept out of the shrubbery, and stole softly toward the wall of the house. His plan was to ring the door bell loud and long, as soon as he discovered anything amiss; but he would not do that till he was sure there was cause for alarm.

General followed him quietly at a safe distance. Once the man stopped suddenly and looked back as if he heard something. With beating heart, General pressed close against the wall and stood on again.
He turned another corner which brought him on the side toward the water, laid down his mysterious burden, and walked toward the shore, where there was a small wharf to which two or three rowboats were fastened. Here another man joined him.
He, too, carried something, which the first took from him, and, after a few whispered words, brought to the same place where he had left his own bundle.

General's interest was now much greater than his alarm. He could not see that the men were doing any harm. Why did they not try a door or window, if they wished to commit robbery?

Yet there was something about their conduct that he did not understand. They evidently did not wish to be seen, or heard, and General had his suspicions that it would go hard with him were he discovered.
There was a large tree a few yards distant, which he thought would afford a safe retreat; but he dared not cross the open space between, lest one of the men should see him. So he lay flat on the ground close to the house, where he could peer around the corner to see what was going on.

"He's gwine ter hab a smoke," said General to himself, as he saw the man next to the house shading a lighted match with his hand. The next minute lurid flames were shooting up from a pile of material piled against the house.
The incendiary turned and ran swiftly toward the shore; but not before he had disclosed a frightful, masked face.

General was speechless with horror, but only for an instant; the next moment his loud cry of "Fire!" rang out upon the startled air.
There was a sound of opening windows, of confused and frightened voices, and of hurrying feet. General ran for an old tin bucket which he saw lying on the ground, and was just starting with it toward the well when he was rudely shaken by the collar, and heard a voice say: "What are you doing here. I'll thank you to set fire to burn up folks in their beds, you black rascal!"

"I—I never d-d-d-one it," said General, his teeth chattering with the shaking and terror. "L-let me go!" He tried in vain to tear himself from the powerful grasp of his accuser.

"I'll let you go—to jail, as soon as there's a chance," replied the man, as he pushed General into a small shed, and closed the door.
There was but one window to the shed, and that was near the roof, too high for him to think of reaching. He flung himself against the door again and again; but it had been securely fastened on the outside.
"Sin an' ignorance done conquer dis time, sho' nuff," soliloquized General, mournfully. He felt that there was small chance of his story being believed, nuther. Now the two men disengaged to serve would think that he set the fire.

As the sound of the hurly and confusion without increased, a new fear came to him. Perhaps the house would burn down, and the shed would catch fire, and he would be left to perish in the flames. He shouted several times; but his voice, if heard, was not heeded. At last, his more subdued tones and slower movements indicated that all danger was over.
Day was beginning to dawn when the shed door was opened, and General was summoned forth, to confront the crowd of men and boys who had assembled at the alarm.

Perhaps he ought to have looked nobly heroic and confident in the consciousness of innocence; but candor compels the admission that, as he stood there in his ragged, soiled, and discolored coat, and misery in his face and attitude might have been mistaken for the evidence of guilt.

"Why, it's Mose Stubbs's boy!" exclaimed a bystander. "I allus knew they was a low-down family; but, I didn't s'pose none of 'em would do such a thing."
"You all avoided a mighty narrowscape," said another, in tones which General fancied had a familiar harshness. "If I hadn't 'a' seen the fire jest as I did, 'nother wouldn't 'a' saved yer."
"Whar, General, is this you?" exclaimed a surprised voice. It was the pretty lady, who with others had just advanced to look at the supposed incendiary.

"Yes, miss, that's the boy that set the fire," replied the former speaker.
"Miss, please miss, I never done it," pleaded the lad, as he met the distressed, pitying eyes of the lady. "I was trying to 'stinguish it.'"
"How came you here at that time of night?" demanded one of the men.
General looked at his accuser in a confused, timid manner and made no reply.

The pretty lady saw that he was frightened, and stepping closer to him, said, kindly: "Believe me, son, I'll General. You'll tell me the whole truth, will you not?"

Thus encouraged, and aided by many questions, General related the whole story of the night. When the narrative was finished, the man who had been so loud in his accusations was missing. He had said something about being in a hurry to get to his work, and had hurried away.
General's tale was not at first received with confidence by all his hearers. Some of them even doubted the possibility of his getting into the gun; but that objection was easily removed by his repeating the manœuvre in the presence of witnesses. The sudden disappearance of his accuser, who was never seen again in that region, was another point in his favor, and when the last suspicion was cleared away, General found himself the hero of the occasion.

AMAZONIAN "PIT-BROWS."

MASCUINE-CLAD WOMEN WHO WORK AT COAL MINES.

A Delegation of Twenty-Five Women Marching to the Parliament Buildings—A Life of Drudgery.

Among the thousand and one strange, unique and interesting sights that may be seen in the streets of the metropolis of the English Empire from time to time none has attracted more universal attention than that of the curiously-clad delegation of "Pit-Brow women" that passed up the fashionable promenades to Parliament buildings a short time since, bent, not on sentiment nor sensation, but on bread and business—an everyday struggle for an honest existence, of which their almost masculine costume is only illustrative and a component part growing out of the exigencies of their toil, for which they are thankful and by no means responsible, writes Charles E. Kincaid from Lancashire, England, to the Louisville Times.

These women, married or single, to the number of ten thousand, work at the overground openings of the coal mines, and hence their designation of "pit-brow." They are mostly seen in the "black district" or coal region of England, and Lancashire claims the largest share.

The occasion of the pilgrimage of these wonderfully garbed "girls" to the Parliamentary side of Westminster was a bill introduced in the House of Commons prohibiting their employment at the open-air pits. The immense coal mines that honeycomb many counties of England and South Wales.

When the "pit-brow women" got wind of this merciless measure pending before Parliament, which was to throw them upon the cold charity of the world, they organized an intelligent, good-looking committee among themselves, two dozen strong, and marched straightway to the House of Commons to argue their plain case, nevertheless, one involving head raiment and roof for perhaps thirty thousand human beings. Their duties are to screen the coal, push the trucks from the over-earthy openings of the deep pits, and the shifting and direction of the great baskets. Their work is not dainty nor free from dirt, but it is claimed, and truthfully no doubt, that it is far healthier and more agreeable than the starling tasks in the close confines of the cheap-paying manufactories of the cities.

The Government officer in charge of the bill denominated their costume as "more Bulgarian than British," and it is certainly not designed for the "Queen's drawing-room" receptions. It was invented out of the necessities of the situation, where trains and bustles and even long skirts would be "all vanity and vexation of spirit." As it is the dress they have adopted, and to which they have for years, if not generations, been accustomed, is cleaner, less in the way and more comfortable than any they could don, unless it would be the masculine attire altogether a la Dr. Mary Walker.

The wages of these women ran from thirty-six to sixty cents a day in American money, while in mills they only received from \$1.25 to \$2 per week. In the mills some of the girls walked 3,000 miles a year at the rate of \$2.20 per week.
One girl interviewed said: "I must work. Father was ill for two and a half years, and I kept him, and mother and an orphan girl and myself, and but for me the old folks would have had to go on the parish." Another said: "I am thirty-six, and have been working at one colliery for twenty-one years. I kept mother ten years after father died and have not had a bottle of medicine all the time. I have a house of my own besides."

A girl of twenty-two said she had been in the pit-brow for seven years and had supported a father, mother and two sisters for twelve months while her father was out of work.
A married woman said: "I have four children and have been at work five years; but the last six months before baby was born I knocked off work and remained at home until he was three months old, and I've never felt a job since. I am now looking out for a bit along the pit-brow for my fifteen-year-old girl; I'd liefer she were there than in a nunnery."

It is unnecessary to add that these hard-working, honest women were successful in their mission, and legislation on this subject has been "staved off" for some years to come—perhaps permanently.

The wage-women of America, who think they have a hard life, may ponder with profit this feature of their sisters' struggles on the other side of the Atlantic—the labor in which they are exposed most of the time to the elements, to say nothing of its severity and begriming effects.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

A Laundry Hint.

A housekeeper writes to the *Congregationalist* to do your washing by this plan: "Fill the boiler two-thirds full of water, and shave a bar of soap in it. When the water boils and the soap is dissolved, add two tablespoonfuls and a half of kerosene oil. It will immediately unite with the soap, and if you have been exact with the amount of each, there will be no oil on the top of the water. Now put the cleanest pieces, like table-cloths and napkins, without previous soaking or wetting, slowly into the water. Do not put too many pieces in at a time. Boil hard for ten minutes, then rinse through two waters and hang out to dry. Put more pieces in the same boiler. Examine the articles of clothing after they are taken out, and, if not too roughly cleansed, put them back in the boiler for another ten minutes, or else rub lightly.

If the washing is very large, there should be a renewal of the soap and oil, but for an ordinary washing once is enough. In an hour and a half the work is all done for a family of six persons. The clothes are white as snow, and there is not the wear and tear of clothing by rubbing; above all, there is not the wear and tear of nerves."

Receipts.

CREAM SAUCE.—Melt three ounces of butter; add flour to thicken with half a pint of cream; season with pepper and salt; let it boil and serve with chicken, veal or sweet bread.

BAKED BEETS.—Wash a half dozen smooth beets and bake them in a moderate oven for one hour; rub off the skins, baste them with butter and lemon juice, return to the oven for five minutes.

HARICOT MUTTONS.—Make a good gravy by boiling the trimmings, seasoning with pepper and salt. Strain, add carrots, parsnips and onions previously boiled tender. Slice them in, then pepper and salt the mutton, boil it brown, put it into the gravy along with the vegetables and stew all together.

GINGER SNAPS.—Mix one pound of flour and three-quarters of a pound of white sugar. Rub into it half a pound of butter, two eggs well beaten, and an ounce of ginger ground fine. Beat well together, roll out the dough to the third of an inch thick, cut out the cakes and bake them. These are far superior to ordinary ginger snaps.

A PIE FOR DYSPEPTICS.—Four tablespoonfuls of oatmeal to one pint of water; let it stand for a few hours until the meal is scalded. Then add two large apples pared and sliced, one cup of sugar, and one tablespoonful of flour and a little salt. Mix all well together and bake in a buttered dish. This makes a very fine dish, which may be eaten safely by the sick or well.

PRESSED CORNED BEEF.—After serving corned beef at dinner, while yet warm chop up fat and lean together, not very fine, only so the fat and lean may be evenly mixed; stir in enough dry mustard to flavor it and put it in an oblong tapering baking pan. Place on it another pan of the same size and if the pan set two or three flat-irons as a weight and let it stand over night. The next day it will turn out a good loaf from which slices may be cut.

Useful Hints.

Baking powder should always be mixed with the flour dry.

A brush-brush is just the thing to clean horse-rail brooms and silver.

Whiting or ammonia in the water is preferable to soap for cleaning windows or paint.

Salt sprinkled over anything that is burning on the stove will prevent any disagreeable odor.

A vegetable acid, such as lemon juice or cider, is said to be specific for most cases of scarlet fever.

Ebony cabinets may be washed with soft warm water and Castile soap, rubbed dry and polished with flannel dipped in linseed oil.

Clean brasses on mahogany furniture by rubbing with chamois-skin dipped in either powdered whiting or rotten-stone mixed with sweet oil.

Never scratch the ears with anything but the finger if they itch. Do not use the head of a pin, hairpins, pencil tips or anything of that nature.

A lotion for freckles may be made of the following good and harmless cosmetics: (1) Borax, three grains; rose water, five drams; (2) Orange flower water, five drams; (3) Orange flower water, one pint; glycerine, one ounce; borax, one dram.

Any gold jewelry that an immersion in water will not injure can be beautifully cleaned by shaking it well in a bottle nearly half full of warm soapsuds, to which a little prepared chalk has been added, and afterward rinsing in clear, cool water and wiping dry.

A handful of salt in the water is useful to set the colors of light cambrics and dotted lawns; and a little beef's gall will not only set, but brighten, yellow and purple tints, and has a good effect upon green. Soda or any washing compound should be used in washing delicate colored goods.

Fatigue of the Eye by Certain Colors.

It has been laid down by M. Chevreul that the human eye cannot be long employed in the perception of a given color without tending to become insensible and to arouse an impression similar to that ordinarily produced by the perception of white light. Dr. Beclard has also noticed that when the eye is directed for a time upon a colored field, the other eye being closed, if the eye which was open is in turn closed and the other opened, a spectrum is perceived; thus, if the right has observed a red disk, the left being shut, a reversed of the state of things would result in the perception of a green disk by the freshly opened left eye. In virtue of the same property of the eye, when two tints are placed beside each other, the nearest edge of the one will appear as though deprived of all the colored rays which it may have in common with the other. An analogous effect is produced with grays non-colored, that is to say, formed simply of white and black.

The Senate of Pennsylvania has passed a bill providing for the infliction of the death penalty by electricity.

DREAM ISLANDS.

They tell of a region, long fabled in story, Where the clouds never hide the sun and its glory.

Where the fruits are of gold, And the earth, never old, In perpetual spring ever laughs at age hoary.

Of the men who have followed the sun to its dying, To discover that land which still westward is lying.

None have come from the quest With green laurel on crest— But still west, like the breezes, our wishes go sighing.

Have they found that land with its myriad flowers, And there linger, entranced in its rose-covered bowers?

Or by lotus fringed brook Never care for, nor look To the east where lies home with its troubles, its showers?

With the breath of the lotus they banish all sorrow And they joy in the present; no trouble they borrow;

Does the sky's brightest blue Or the fragrance of dew Augur aught, in those isles, but the gladdest to morrow?

—Chicago Current.

RUMOR OF THE DAY.

The idea of laughing in your sleeve originated with the funny bone.

The man who had rather be right than President never lacks opportunities.—Boston Traveler.

"There is plenty of room at the top," said the hotel clerk as he ordered the porter to put up another cot on the roof.—Hotel Mail.

No man can realize how easy it is to pass the contribution box around and forget to clip in until he tries it.—Louisville Democrat.

A man takes pride in saying he has a mind of his own, and yet when he is angry he takes pleasure in giving somebody else a piece of it.—Boston Courier.

When I was young, and all was well, I used to live on tick; As merry as a dandelion bell, Until my wife took sick.

Then I was broke; my darling wife From day to day grew sicker, And I was forced to save her life, To live upon my "licker."—Detroit Free Press.

An enterprising physician in Australia advertises: "I will pay one-half of the funeral expenses in cases where I am not successful."—Philadelphia Call.

Father of fair one.—"We close up here at the old clock." Brass-headed bean— "That's a good idea. It keeps fellows out o'clock no know enough to get inside earlier."—Tid-Bite.

It is said that the trout are "rising" very freely in Mooseeucumetic lake this season. They evidently prefer to die in a frying-pan than live in a lake with such name.—Harper's Bazar.

The days are glad with balmy airs, And the skies no longer frown, In the days of the dandelion wars. Again its golden crown.

In pools we hear the gleeful shout, Where merry boys have met, And at the beach the signal's out: "Of: 'Bathing suits to let.'"

A lady on Woodward avenue has a little boy who is inclined to freckle and has been told to keep his face when out in the sun. Last week she engaged a servant whose face is quite roughened with smallpox. Robbin' looks at her very closely and then said to his mother: "It's too bad. Ain't it, mamma? 'Whar's too bad?" said his mother. "That her didn't keep on her hat." His mother was puzzled and said: "Why should Mary keep on her hat?" "Cause the sun's jammed all her freckles in."—Detroit Tribune.

Way Down Upon the Swance River

Once over the bar at its entrance from the Gulf, the Swance River holds its way with a deep current, in places of forty feet, far up through the forests of the best hard pine in the State. It is the Penobscot of Florida. It has some good land upon it, where plantations have heretofore been made, but after awhile generally abandoned. The mosquitoes and malaria give the malarial entrance to the timbermen, anglers and tourists. This dark river has, too, its romance, as being the place which gave rise to a melody which, like "Home, Sweet Home," the affections of the heart will never let go. For it was here that a French family in the time of Louis XIV. came over and settled upon the Swance and made a plantation. After a while the father and mother and all died save one daughter, who, ill-battered and desolated, returned to France, and there wrote, adopting in part that negro dialect which she had been familiar with on the plantation in her girlhood, a feeling tribute to "the 'ld folks at home" in their graves in the far-off country.—Buffalo Courier.

A Novel Case.

"Would you take an umbrella or a walking stick," said a sea captain visiting a Gulf man the other evening, when the two were preparing for a walk. "I don't think it'll rain, but since you have an umbrella and want to carry something you'll have to carry that." "Oh, no," responded the captain; and calmly unscrewing the shade end of the umbrella he withdrew the central stick, and held up a cane with a silver head. All the sea captain was surprised, but still more so when the captain unscrewed again and drew a pipe from the top of the case, the handle of the latter constituting the bowl of the pipe. "Isn't that a fine traveling case?" added he. And with the Gulf man still admiring they walked down the street.—Philadelphia Call.

Too Much For the Conjurer.

A Turkish paper says that Professor Herrman, the conjurer, who recently died at Carlsbad, was a great favorite with the late Sultan Abdul Aziz, and used to get a thousand pounds (Turkish) for each performance. Once, after exhibiting two pigeons, a white one and a black one, he managed to put the black head on the white bird, and vice versa, which so pleased the Sultan that he ordered a black slave and a white slave, which he brought in, and requested that the trick be repeated with them. Herrman was too good to acknowledge that he could not do it.—Epoch.